

Looptroop **"Adrenaline Rush"**

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Adrenaline Rush, Adrenaline Rush
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Yaya.. (Looptroop) Check it out. Looptroop Rockerz
'99. David vs Goliath. Check it out ya ya ya, ha!
Feel the heartbeat x4
Feel the adrenaline rush
[Promoe]
My name P, still the same, word to GP
Y'all wanna test me, you must be CP
I know that wasn't PC, politically correct to say
Well, neither is calling you gay
Hey man, I represent from V-:s to A-dam
Any damn day of the week might go spraycan
From gas-stations to subway stations
Radio-stations, me and Embee on a vacation
Travelling Europe in a bus, on a adrenaline rush
Why superstars travelling on egotrips? Because they
must!
Are you a big tree then I'm a small chainsaw
Ready to massacre your ass and let the brains blow
With a strange flow, write rhymes till I'm feverish
Make a beverage of pussy-juice and the blood
Of average MC's, on stage I'm illin'
So, after the show lecture girls for sexual healing
My microphone is like shower-curtain,
Reveals the naked truth, call me Promoe Perkins
A swedish psycho, travelling business class to Norway,
Bergen
Setting off fire alarms, microphones I'm burning
Fucking shit up like Norwegians in S-train-yards
Don't believe me? Check how I bless them bars
With the vocal joint, that'll be the new focal point
For the whole hiphop-world, and still I'm just a little boy
With a passion for taxin' MC's till them in passion
Appoint me the next chief, of finances
You better start giving some fine answers
We all know you're guilty, you lying bastard
Better dead that, talk out of your head crap
Before you hear yourself screaming "Oh no" like redrat
Small-timers, so called rhymers
Stepping on stage got (old-timers)
((alzheimer))"Where am I?"

This ain't battle-rhymes, it's battle cries, ancient
warchamps
My name ain't Biggie, you don't get one more chance
Run off your mouth and I'll run you off the street
Promoe rules from the valley of the deep
Peace to the valley of death, if you wanna step
That'll be your last step, a promise, not a threat
Got you nervous, like you on ???
?Mailbombs?, man, you need to gain pounds, man
You little feather-weight, get it straight, Promoe
penetrate
Drill a hole in the ground and turn up in the United
States
Unite with greats on the way up,
Stay up like girls dressed in stay-up's, bombing lay-
up's
Way after bed-time, you get dead rhymes,
There'll be no resurrection, for my shit
Brovaz go Cocoa like Smif-n-Wessun, no question
Mics, spraycans and turntables
Bringin the bloodrush like ?Martin Able?
But more than once a month, got MC's
On the midnight run, through the land of the midnight-
sun,
Sweden, Gotham City to Gothenburg
Don't give a fuck y'all, I'm from the city of a suburb
P R O to the M O E
Messing with me and you end up (a) ((in)) memory
R.I.P mural in the Ruhr-area
Jag heter M:rten, kommer fr:n Sverige
Represent wackness, like Sizzla represents slackness
Question mark check-holders and blackness
Then when you're done licking the balls of Mad Skillz
And Slick Rick take a suck on my big dick
Cause all I see is crews that bite, wack rhymes and
wack mics
Men are like rappers when they're over hyped
Over-night-sensations: Promoe's your replacement
I just to get down with my crew in the basement
Now I get the place bent like some
Einstein from the pavement, you sit back in amazement
I write graffiti like some caveman
To the future of two-thousand, signing out five-
thousand

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